

The history

Troy. A hatefull truth.

Cres. What and from *Troilus* to?

Troy. From Troy, and *Troilus*.

Cres. Is't possible?

Troy. And suddenly, where iniury of chance
Puts back, leaue taking, iussles roughly by:
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lippes
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lock't embrasures, strangles our dere vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:
We two that with so many thousand sighes,
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues:
With the rude breuity, and discharge of one,
Iniurious time now with a robbers hast,
Cram's his ritch theeu'ry vp hee knowes not how.
As many farewells as be starres in heauen.
With distinct breath, and configne kisses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adewe:
And skants vs with a single famisht kisse,
Distasted with the salt of broken teares.

Aeneas within. My Lord is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd, some say the *Genius*
Cries so to him that instantly must die,
Bid them haue patience she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my
heart wilbe blowne vp by my threare.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians.

Troy. No remedy?

Cres. A wofull *Cressid*'mongst the merry Greekes,
When shall we see againe.

Troy. Here mee loue? be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true? how now? what wicked deme is this?

Troy. Nay we must vse expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from vs.
I speake not be thou true as fearing thee.
For I will throw my gloue to death himselfe,
That there is no maculation in thy heart:
But bee thou true say I to fashion in,

My

of Troilus and Cresseida.

My sequent protestation, bee thou true, and I will see thee.

Cres. Oh you shalbe expos'd my Lord to dangers,
As infinite as imminent: but ile be true.

Troy. And ile grow friend with danger, were this sleene.

Cres. And you this gloue, when shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian centinells,
To giue thee nightly visitation, but yet be true.

Cres. Oh heauens be true againe?

Troy. Here why I speake it loue,
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling ore with arts and exercise:
How nouelty may moue, and parts with portion,
Alas a kinde of Godly iealousie,
(Which I beseech you cal a vertuous sinne,)
Makes me a feard.

Cres. Oh heauens you loue mee not!

Troy. Die I a villaine then,
In this I do not call your faith in question:
So mainely as my merit, I cannot siag
Nor heele the high lauel, nor sweeten talke;
Nor play at subtil games, faire vertues all:
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant,
But I can tell that in each grace of these:
There lurkes a still, and dumb-discoursiue diuell
That tempts most cunningly, but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you thinke I will?

Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not,
And sometimes we are diuells to our selues:
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changefull potency.

Aeneas within. Nay good my Lord?

Troy. Come kisse, and let vs part.

Paris within. Brother *Troilus*?

Troy. Good brother come you hither?

And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My Lord will you be true?

Troy. Who I, alas it is my vice, my fault,
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,

I wish